

OUT OF THE CITY. A STORY OF THE NEW WOMAN.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.

A FAMILY PLOT.

LITTLE did poor Doctor Walker imagine as he sat at his breakfast-table next morning that the two sweet girls who sat on either side of him were deep in a conspiracy, and that he, munching innocently at his muffins, was the victim against whom their wiles were planned.

Patience they waited until at last their opening came.

"It is a beautiful day," he remarked. "It will do for Mrs. Westmacott. She was thinking of having a spin upon the tricycle."

"Then we must call early. We both intended to see her after breakfast."

"Oh, indeed?" The doctor looked pleased.

"You know, pa," said Ida, "it seems to us that we really have a very great advantage in having Mrs. Westmacott living so near."

"Why so, my dear?"

"Well, because she is so advanced, you know. If we only study her ways we may advance ourselves also."

"I think I have heard you say, papa," Clara remarked, "that she is the type of the woman of the future."

"I am very pleased to hear you speak so sensibly, my dears. I certainly think that she is a woman whom you may very well take as your model. The more intimate you are with her the better pleased I shall be."

"Then that is settled," said Clara demurely, and the talk drifted to other matters.

All the morning the two girls sat extracting from Mrs. Westmacott her most extreme view as to the duty of the one sex and tyranny of the other. Absolute equality, even in the details, was her ideal. Enough of the parrot cry of unwomanly and unmanly. It had been invented by man to scare woman away when she poached too nearly upon his precious preserves. Every woman should be independent. Every woman should learn a trade. It was their duty to push in where they were least welcome. Then they were martyrs to the cause, and pioneers to their weaker sisters. Why should the wash-tub, the needle, and the housekeeper's book be eternally theirs? Might they not reach higher, to the consulting-room, to the bench, and even to the pulpit? Mrs. Westmacott sacrificed her tricycle ride in her eagerness over her pet subject, and her two fair disciples drank in every word, and noted every suggestion for future use. That afternoon they were shopping in London, and before evening strange packages began to be handed in at the doctor's door. The plot was ripe for execution, and one of the conspirators was merry and jubilant, while the other was very nervous and troubled.

When the doctor came to the dining-room next morning, he was surprised to find that his daughters had already been up some time. Ida was installed at one end of the table with a spirit-lamp, a curved glass flask, and several bottles in front of her. The contents of the flask were boiling furiously, while a villainous smell filled the room. Clara lounged in an arm-chair with her feet upon a second one, a blue-covered book in her hand, and a huge map of the British Islands spread across her lap. "Hullo!" cried the doctor, blinking and sniffing, "where's the breakfast?"

"Oh, didn't you order it?" asked Ida.

"If I No; why should I?" He rang the bell. "Why have you not laid the breakfast, Jane?"

"If you please, sir, Miss Ida was a workin' at the table."

"Oh, of course, Jane," said the young lady calmly. "I am so sorry. I shall be ready to move in a few minutes."

"But what on earth are you doing, Ida?" asked the doctor. "The smell is most offensive. And, good gracious, look at the mess which you have made upon the cloth! Why, you have burned a hole right through."

"Oh, that is the acid," Ida answered contentedly. "Mrs. Westmacott said that it would burn holes."

"You might have taken her word for it without trying," said her father dryly.

"But look here, pa! See what the book says: 'The scientific mind takes nothing upon trust. Prove all things! I have proved that.'"

"You certainly have. Well, until breakfast is ready I'll glance over the Times. Have you seen it?"

"The Times? Oh, dear me, this is it which I have under my spirit-lamp. I am afraid there is some acid upon that too, and it is rather damp and torn. Here it is."

The doctor took the bedraggled paper with a rueful face. "Everything seems to be wrong to-day," he remarked. "What is this sudden enthusiasm about chemistry, Ida?"

"Oh, I am trying to live up to Mrs. Westmacott's teaching."

"Quite right! quite right!" said he, though perhaps with less heartiness than he had shown the day before. "Ah, here is breakfast at last!"

But nothing was comfortable that morning. There were eggs without egg-spoons, toast which was leathery from being kept, dried-up rashers, and grounds in the coffee. Above all, there was that dreadful smell which pervaded everything and gave a horrible twang to every mouthful.

"I don't wish to put a damper upon your studies, Ida," said the doctor, as he pushed back his chair. "But I do think it would be better if you did your chemical experiments a little later in the day."

"But Mrs. Westmacott says that women should rise early, and do their work before breakfast."

"Then they should choose some other room besides the breakfast-room," The doctor was becoming just a little ruffled. A turn in the open air would soothe him, he thought. "Where are my boots?" he asked.

But they were not in their accustomed corner by his chair. Up and down he searched, while the three servants took under the quest, stooping and peeping under book-cases and drawers. Ida had returned to her studies, and Clara to her blue-covered volumes, sitting absorbed and disinterested amid the bustle and the racket. At last a general buzz of congratulation announced that the cook had discovered the boots hung up among the hats in the hall. The doctor, very red and flustered, drew them on, and stamped off to join the Admiral in his morning walk.

As the door slammed Ida burst into a shout of laughter. "You see, Clara," she cried, "the charm works already. He has gone to number one instead of to number three. Oh, we shall win a great victory. You've been very good, dear; I could see that you were on thorns to help him when he was looking for his boots."

"Poor papa! It is so cruel. And yet what are we to do?"

"Oh, he will enjoy being comfortable all the more if we give him a little discomfort now. What horrible work this chemistry is! Look at my frock! It is ruined. And this dreadful smell!" She threw open the window, and thrust her little golden-curl head out of it. Charles Westmacott was hoeing at the other side of the garden fence.

"Good morning, sir," said Ida.

"Good morning!" The big man leaned upon his hoe and looked up at her.

"Have you any cigarettes, Charles?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Throw me up two."

"Here is my case. Can you catch?"

A seal-skin case came with a soft thud on to the floor. Ida opened it. It was full.

"What are these?" she asked.

"Egyptians."

"What are some other brands?"

"Oh, Richmond Gems, and Turkish, and Cambridge. But why?"

"Never mind!" She nodded to him and closed the window. "We must remember all those, Clara," said she. "We must learn to talk about the brands of cigarettes. Has your rum come?"

"Yes, dear. It is here."

"And I have my stout. Come along up to my room now. This smell is too abominable. But we must be ready for him when he comes back. If we sit at the window we shall see him coming down the road."

The fresh morning air, and the genial company of the Admiral had caused the doctor to forget his troubles, and he came back about midday in an excellent humor. As he opened the hall door the vile smell of chemicals which had spoiled his breakfast met him with a redoubled violence. He threw open the hall window, entered the dining-room, and stood aghast at the sight which met his eyes.

Ida was still sitting among her bottles, with a lit cigarette in her left hand and a glass of stout on the table beside her. Clara, with another cigarette, was lounging in the easy chair with several maps spread out upon the floor around her. Her feet were stuck up on the coal scuttle, and she had a tumblerful of some reddish-brown composition on the smoking table close at her elbow. The doctor gazed from one to the other of them through the thin gray haze of smoke, but his eyes rested finally in a settled stare of astonishment upon his elder and more serious daughter.

"Clara!" he gasped, "I could not have believed it!"

"What is it, papa?"

"You are smoking!"

"Trying to, papa. I find it a little difficult, for I have not been used to it."

"But why, in the name of goodness?"

"Mrs. Westmacott recommends it."

"Oh, a lady of mature years may do many things which a young girl must avoid."

"Oh, no," cried Ida. "Mrs. Westmacott says that there should be one law for all. Have a cigarette, pa?"

"No, thank you. I never smoke in the morning."

"No? Perhaps you don't care for the brand. What are these, Clara?"

"Egyptians."

"Ah, we must have some Richmond Gems or Turkish. I wish, pa, when you go into town, you would get me some Turkish."

"I will do nothing of the kind. I do not at all think that it is a fitting habit for young ladies. I do not agree with Mrs. Westmacott upon the point."

"Really, pa! It was you who advised us to imitate her."

"But with discrimination. What is it that you are drinking, Clara?"

"Rum, papa."

"Rum? In the morning?" He sat down and rubbed his eyes as one who tries to shake off some evil dream. "Did you say rum?"

"Yes, pa. They all drink it in the profession which I am going to take up."

"Profession, Clara?"

"Mrs. Westmacott says that every woman should follow a calling, and that we ought to choose those which women have always avoided."

"Quite so."

"Well, I am going to act upon her advice. I am going to be a pilot."

"My dear Clara! A pilot! This is too much."

"This is a beautiful book, papa. 'The Lights, Beacons, Buoys, Channels, and Landmarks of Great Britain.' Here is another, 'The Master Mariner's Handbook.' You can't imagine how interesting it is."

"You are joking, Clara. You must be joking!"

"Not at all, pa. You can't think what a lot I have learned already. I'm to carry a green light to starboard, and a red to port, with a white light at the mast-head, and a flare-up every fifteen minutes."

"Oh, won't it look pretty at night!" cried her sister.

"And I know the fog-signals. One blast means that a ship steers to starboard, two to port, three astern, four that it is unmanageable. But this man asks such dreadful questions at the end of each chapter—Listen to this: 'You see a red light. The ship is on the port tack and the wind at north; what course is that ship steering to a point?'"

The doctor rose with a gesture of despair. "I can't imagine what has come over you both," said he.

"My dear papa, we are trying hard to live up to Mrs. Westmacott's standard."

"Well, I must say that I do not admire the result. Your chemistry, Ida, may perhaps do no harm; but your scheme, Clara, is out of the question. How a girl of your sense could ever entertain such a notion is more than I can imagine. But I must absolutely forbid you to go further with it."

"But, pa," asked Ida, with an air of innocent inquiry in her big blue eyes, "what are we to do when your commands and Mrs. Westmacott's advice are opposed? You told us to obey her. She says that when women try to throw off their shackles, their fathers, brothers and husbands are the very first to try to rivet them on again, and that in such a matter no man has any authority."

"Does Mrs. Westmacott teach you that I am not the head of my own house?" The doctor flushed, and his grizzled hair bristled in his anger.

"Certainly. She says that all heads of houses are relics of the dark ages."

The doctor muttered something and stamped his foot upon the carpet. Then without a word he passed out into the garden, and his daughters could see him striding furiously up and down, cutting off the heads of the flowers with a switch.

"Oh, you darling! You played your part so splendidly!" cried Ida.

"But how cruel it is! When I saw the sorrow and surprise in his eyes I very nearly put up my arms about him and told him all. Don't you think we have done enough?"

"No, no, no. Not nearly enough. You must not turn weak now, Clara. It is so funny that I should be leading you. It is quite a new experience. But I know I am right. If we go on as we are doing, we shall be able to say all our lives that we have saved him. And if we don't, oh, Clara, we should never forgive ourselves."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENJOYMENT IN THE ARMY.

Outdoor Games and Sports Indulged in at Frontier Posts.

An enlisted man serving on the frontier has opportunities for sport that would be envied by hundreds of wealthy men, especially in the way of hunting and fishing. He plays all kinds of outdoor games, is regular in his habits, has stated times for meals and for sleep, which all tend to the development of his physical powers, and the training he receives straightens his frame and gives him an easy, upright carriage that never after leaves him until old age lays the weight of its hand upon him. The post exchange is fitted up with billiard and pool rooms, lunch counter and card-room. Only the best grades of beer are sold there, and drunkenness cannot exist under present restricted rules. A pleasant room is always set aside as a reading-room, where current newspapers are on file, and in addition to this, each company usually maintains a library. A post school is maintained for six months of the year, where he who wishes may improve his mental condition. He is provided with excellent clothing, which when altered to fit neatly, is the neatest uniform known. A drunkard or other questionable character may possibly creep in among the men enlisted, but he is soon "spotted" and, under the law that five previous convictions by courts martial are sufficient to award dishonorable discharge, he is soon gotten rid of. It is creditable to the army that all men now serving in the ranks, except possibly a few left over from the old army, are capable of reading and writing the English language—that is, in a limited sense.

Proposed Facade of the St. Louis.

A proposition has reached the management of the Cotton States and International Exposition, from Herbert Saunders & Co., of London, offering to build on the lake a fac simile of the transatlantic steamship St. Louis, to be of the same size as the original, and elegantly fitted out. The interior of the ship will be used as a restaurant, and the vessel will be reached from the shore by gangways. This is a duplicate of an exhibition now being given at the Antwerp exposition. Henry G. Kittredge, the secretary of the Massachusetts commission to the exposition, is now in Atlanta conferring with the management in reference to the Massachusetts display. While there he will select the site for the Massachusetts building—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Southerner's Bravery.

"During the civil war there was not a more rabid secessionist or a more popular man in California than Charlie Fairfax, Virginian, and direct descendant of Lord Fairfax," said City Attorney Creswell yesterday. "He was a man of such undoubted courage, such scrupulous honesty and such distinguished courtesy that his violent prejudices against the north were forgiven before they were expressed, and his open declarations of disloyalty forgotten as soon as spoken."

"While the clerk of the Supreme Court in Sacramento he engaged in an altercation with a man named Whitcomb Lee. Without warning Lee drew a sword cane and made a lunge at Fairfax. The keen blade penetrated his abdomen a couple of inches before he could seize it. Fairfax held the blade with his left hand while he whipped out a revolver with his right, and with the sword still in the wound, he leveled his pistol at Lee's head and said in the coolest tone:

"Draw that sword and put it up. I would kill you, but no man shall ever say that Charlie Fairfax made a woman a widow and children fatherless."—San Francisco Post.

After a man has had thirteen children he seldom stays at home from his business to celebrate because the youngest has just cut a tooth.

Much as people like to hear secrets, they have the greatest admiration for the friends who have never told them any.

We have noticed that when a man is approached about advertising, he says he will "think about it," or "see you again."

Steady's Up! The Moorings Cast Off. Majestically the great ocean gray hound leaves the dock and steams down the river outward bound. But are you, my dear sir, prepared for his sickness almost always incident to a grass-Atlantic trip, with the infallible stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If not expect to suffer without aid. The Bitters is the staunch friend of all who travel by sea or land, emigrants, tourists, commercial travelers, mariners. It completely remedies nausea, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys.

No prayer ever hurts a prayer meeting by being too short.

Let all men bend low—let tall men bend low.

He saw two beggars steal—he sought to beg or steal.

DOING THINGS QUIETLY.

Even When the Old Man Was Killing a Bear He Didn't Want Any Noise.

From the San Francisco Call: "Bear" said Mr. Ottinger. "Bear? why, I helped kill a 1,146-pound grizzly just a week ago at Wawona. Old Jim Duncan, the slayer of ninety-four bears, and I, went out on horseback about ten miles from town after grouse. We walked five or six miles in the hottest weather, and after getting six grouse and a hundred mosquitoes we thought of turning back. But I was so thirsty that I said: 'Wait here, in the clearing, Jim, till I go down the canon to get a drink.' I went down about 200 feet and had to lay sprawling over some rocks to get a drink. I only took one swallow when two gunshots rang out. Startled at the sound I rose up and ran as well as my weight would let me, back to the clearing. Puffing and blowing I leaned up against a tree and witnessed the strangest sight I ever saw. A big pile of fur lay in a heap on the ground, and the old hunter was just about to stoop over it to jab his Bowie-knife into it when the bundle rose up like a flash and let out a blow that sent Jim's musket spinning fifty feet in the air. With that there was the most exciting fight I ever saw."

"The bear reared up again and Duncan barely dodged its claws. But Bruin caught his clothes at the neck and ripped them down to his boots. I still leaned against the tree, too weary from my run and too surprised to go up and shoot the bear. I could see Duncan slip around and his feet got tangled in his torn clothes. He fell fighting with the bear atop; but the bear's throat was cut from ear to ear. The old man extricated himself and sliding on the carcass called to me through his nose: 'Wall, my time hasn't come yet. Young man, I give you credit for a great deal of coolness for a greenhorn. I'm glad you didn't open your mouth in this fracas, so many of these fellows think they have to talk when I'm killing a bear.'"

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Ad dress

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Some people never find out that the Bible is good for anything except a center-table ornament.

A man went to a drug store for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist. "But did it not help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man: "I haven't any headache; it's my wife that has the headache."—Ex.

When a man stops smoking, and begins again, he feels mighty sheepish.

A man with a future isn't as interesting as a woman with a past.

There are lots of men who are pretty in society, but who are as absolutely useless as dried currants.

No woman should give way to grief; let her keep her hair frizzed, and everything may come around all right.

Nearly all women recite these days. They will simply have to quit it; the men are shy enough as it is.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The tainted truth is too often like a tainted fish—smells bad and performs no good; yet in the exposition of crime there is often virtue.

That lasts till night—that last still night.

The people should remember when eating, that Death keeps his white horse ready with the harness on in this weather.

Every dollar spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain and brings better digestion, better strength and better health.

To have money often means to have the devil for a master.

Good reasons why you should use Hinderecna. It takes out the corns, and then you have peace and comfort, surely a good exchange for the drugstore.

We always think that to-morrow never brings us as much as yesterday takes away.

A man "too busy" to take care of his health is like a workman too busy to sharpen his tools.

A country cemetery has the following notice over the gate: "Only this dead who live in the parish are buried here."

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pisco's Cure.—Ralph Ensko, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Man is the balance wheel of women.

Gosh! Docto, I'm tired of swallowin' six meals a day, three goin' down and three comin' up.

"Paw, is there any difference between a cold and a fluency?"

"If the doctor calls it a cold, the bill is about \$4. If he calls it influenza, it's about \$8. The difference is four dollars, my son."—Chicago Record.

If Troubled With Sore Eyes Jackson's Indian Eye Salve will positively cure them. 25c at all drug stores.

Some people are confident Hades will have to be enlarged.

Say, Jack; waiting for the moon to come up? Jack (leaning over the side of the vessel). Great Scott! Tom, you think I swallowed the moon, too.

A swallow may not make a summer, but a frog makes a spring.

Teacher—Johnnie what is a stratum? Johnnie—A stratum is a hen.

Teacher—Didn't I tell you that a stratum was a layer of anything? Johnnie—Yassum. 'Nain't a hen a layer of eggs?—National Journal.

Whenever the sons of God come together the devil comes in the shoes of a hypocrite.

When we come close to a giant he often turns out to be only a common man on stilts.

"Manson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The ordinary man never knows he is ordinary, just as the great man never knows he is great.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA

SAINT JACOB'S OIL

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"You can take that soap right back and change it for Clairette Soap. I would not use any other kind."

Every woman who has ever used

CLAIRETTE SOAP.

knows it is without an equal. Sold everywhere. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, St. Louis.

The remedy for coughs and colds.

Its record: fifty years of cures.

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Highest Awards

CHERRY PECTORAL

At the World's Fair.

As a reckless talker the girl of the period rivals the parrot.

He is a foolish fellow who thinks the Keeley cure a distinction.

The Bible makes it clear that God wants everybody who is wrong to find it out and get right.

Whoever puts up the robe of Christ will soon be given a chance to do something for Christ.

The longer and stronger the arms of the wicked, the more it will hurt when they are broken.

FITS—All Fits cured free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No other cure. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. 50c cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 861 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Love sees danger afar off, but the loved one often turns a deaf ear to the warning.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MAN WISLON'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Whenever God's help is needed the Christian should believe that God is there to help.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The official and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Mrs. Mulchey—Sure, Mike must have studied medicine since he went into the army—he writes home that he is a surgent.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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